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PONTIFF FAILS
TO RULE ON
SPANISH FLY...



Leonardo de Vinci

SPACE SIGNALS

by Stanley Fisher

The day started like most others, but July 22nd, 1968 was to be somewhat different; it was to be a day of revelations: a psychedelic PowWow, a sumptuous feast in synchronicity, in the depths and heights of the awesome arena! The events unfolded for me in this manner: Early that morning, I was scanning an article in the times condensing the Greek military strategy. I noted a picture of an American jet, the freedom fighter, being loaded for shipment to Greece. The number name of the jet, the F-6, struck a responsive chord in my memory. At that very moment, the words Fifth Dimension came across my FM loud speaker, uttered by the WNEW radio jockey.

Synchronicity struck its first glow that day! I smiled and remembered the first time I associated the synchronicity phenomenon with the enigmatic name of Miss Lisa, which I realized was saying, "Oh, so you've tuned in to, finally!" The name Mona Lisa is itself, I discovered, is a veil which becomes the truth when lifted by the right hand.

But back to the cosmic correspondence: In my article on the F-111A I noted that the Air Force F stands for an unconscious desire by the military mind for mastery of the fifth dimension, and that, in my article, The Numerological Analysis of Space Signals (Pulsars), I suggested that the last number in Pulsar 7's repetition rate, being 5, indicated a mastery of that dimension by those who were our cosmological masters. Now, here lying before me, was the picture of an instrument of destruction, ironically and perhaps aptly, called the Freedom Fighter, and dubbed, by the military magicians, in their black obscenities, the F-6, attempting, by this unconscious identification of the plane with the higher powers, to attain the cloak of indestructibility.

And, at that moment, I also recalled that my girlfriend had mentioned to me, the day before, that the number five had always made her think of the color red. We had gotten on to the color-number kick before we went until recently, I had never been able quite to figure out the hidden meaning behind my army serial number—at least not until the death by Robert Kennedy by a 22 caliber bullet. It was that I began to realize the influence of that master number (12) upon contemporary events. My army serial number was 1224 7024 Up until that time the number 18 turned up ubiquitously in my experience.

But back to my girlfriend and that morning. After having heard that my army serial number was 1222 1024, she said that 1's and 2's always remind her of the colors yellow and white. Then, parenthetically, she said, but 5 always brings the color red to mind. Having recalled her comparison that relating between red and the number five and five and the fifth dimension, and the fifth dimension and the F-5, I suddenly remembered that the science fiction film, The Red Planet Mars, was being shown that morning on all channels, channel 5 of course! (Here's a mind bower: From a book called Riddles of Astronomy, by Bender:

"The red planet in solitary splendor is a different realm that is 48 per cent within the orbit of Mars. In fact, it revolves around the sun in 645 days, less than the Martian year of 687 days. That it is technically the fourth planet, shifting Mars to fifth place, is a fact astronomers conveniently note, not wanting to completely revise the present makeup of the Solar System for such a tiny body." Anyway, by the time I tuned in, most of the film had been shown, but the plot, in essentials, concerned itself with a somewhat idealized couple who had sought and received interstellar radio messages from the red planet Mars, who used the information in the messages to bring peace and understanding to their fratricidal hostilities.

I could not help but identify with this couple's struggle for I am convinced that the Pulsars contain messages which if understood would help mankind use its latent cosmic powers for peaceful purposes. Seeing the film, I sensed that July 22nd, had already indicated its acknowledgment of my struggle and I looked forward to further discoveries which I hoped would turn up in the course of the day's events.

A phone call led me upstairs. "Would I please come to pick up my rejected manuscript?" On the station, I noticed a fly cheat. I read it smack in the middle, in bold imprints: ANNUAL POWWOW, Saturday-Sunday, August 10 and 11, Barryville New York, Route

55. Tribal dances—Arts and Crafts. Mmmm. Route 55, I thought, too much! and POW! WOW! the sounds we utter when smashed on synchronicity. The Indians certainly knew the names of wonderment: Hey! Wow! Hey! Dig that! Dig this! Hey, let's have a puff and a Powwow! A Yowee! A Yowee! A Jawee! A Yaboo! A Yowee! A Yowee! A Yowee! HIGHWAY 1... 55! And how do we get on to highway 125: through a tribal (1), of course! Tri-tribinity: tri-try: try what? Try hailing! Try-try-belling. The tribinity leads to infinity! And how do you get to the tribinity of threesomeness (sums)? Simple! You drop the 3's from eternity! And what do 3's stand for: ages! The double 3's of a couple which have to vanish in the loving tribinity of a TRIBAL! And what does the double 3 in numbers look like 55, of course! I knew I was on the right road: root!

Later that day, and I don't remember the sequence of events which led me to this decision, I decided to have another look at the article describing a newly discovered Pulsar signal. The pulsar described in the Times' article was the first discovered by Americans; two scientists both of the Harvard College Observatory; all four others were found in quick succession a year ago by the British. That the newly discovered Pulsar was the fifth seemed appropriate and it was even more startling to find out that its celestial coordinates were described as 12 hours 5 minutes right ascension, 55.5 degrees north declination. It was not until, after that, I read that Eve was designated as numerologically 555. For E=5 and V is not only the 22nd number of our alphabet, but is the fifth if we count backwards, starting from Z. And the three faces of Eve add to 15, which are the first two numbers of Pulsar 5, designated by the Harvard Observatory as HP 1500. So the galaxy number behind this pulsar collection of letters and numbers really is Eve (15 and 555) is 16 (HP) TO(4) sec (6).

The radio pulses of HP 1500 occur at the precise rate of once every 0.7397 second. Transposing each of the numbers into letters, 1697 because CCGG—of which none will be heard later. Earlier in my investigations I discovered that the sum of the four Pulsar repetition rates equalled 111, thus at that moment I didn't bother to add the sum of Pulsar 5 (25) to the number 111. Instead I read adding the numbers representing the amount of time each pulsar impales lasts. Pulsar 5 falls within the range of four impulses, 30,000 of a second. Dropping the thousands, Pulsar 1-55, Pulsar 2-58, Pulsar 3-10, Pulsar 4-6 and Pulsar 5-20. The sum of the five numbers equal 154. I immediately thought of subtracting the number of the Holy Trinity, 111, from it. The result was 43.

Oh, yes, I thought, my girlfriend spoke of that number the other day, so I asked her if she recalled the incident. She said: 43, she said, is the 22nd odd number. Pow! And then she asked, "What did you say was the sum of the five numbers?" I answered: 154. And then her reply: "Don't you know that 7 times 22 equals 154? And that today is 7/22 (July 22nd)!" Wow! And then again: "Do you remember how old you are at your last birthday (July 2nd)?" I remembered: 43! PowWow! It was only a day or two later when I remembered that the P, that perplexing transcendental number, has often been expressed as the improper fraction 22/7!

My girlfriend, pleasantly amused at my not having remembered that I had just turned 43, said, "Well, you're still in the prime of your life!" For those who have forgotten the definition of a prime, it is simply a number that can be divided without a remainder only by itself or the number one. Primes are the pets of mathematicians. Well, 43 is the 14th prime number, and it is the sum of two 7's and 14's is very rarely with my army serial number: 222 1024. Each half adds up to seven and the total is 14. We know that 7 times 23-164, and that means 14 times 11 equals 154. My age of 43 yields 7. My army serial number adds up to the sum of two 7's. 77 is the product of 7 and 11 and 7 and 11 add up to my self-styled lucky number 18. It seems that one cannot escape the feeling that the number 7 is the key to the understanding of the spirit; the ancients called it the perfect spiritual number, the only number capable of dividing the "number of eternity." Seven youths and seven maidens were sent as tribute to Minos every eight years. We have the seven days of the week. Seven harmonies in music; the seven primary col-

ors, the seven seas, the seven deadly sins, the seven joys of the Virgin Mary, the seven devils cast out of Magdalena, the seven creative planets, the seven Archangels of Revelation and the information that, "For seven days priests with seven trumpets invited Jacob, and on the seventh day trumpets accompanied the city seven times." Yes, seven is an odd number and so is eleven, even though they both contain the word even!

But now back to our space signal, Pulsar 5. We remember its repetition rate: 0.7397. Now, let's see. Two sevens. Hmmm. Interesting or just coincidence. Well... let's see. I have a book in hand. It's called, "From Zero to Infinity." I have the book opened to page 35. (and the numbers from 1 through 35 can be placed in a magic square so that the sum of all the columns add to 111), and the information on that page relates to the number 111 in base two which is 7, in base 10, where it one hundred and eleven, and base sixteen where its numerical value is 273. Now, let's add 278 as an injunction to read the number 75 two ways: 75 and also as 37. To my delight, I then realized that 75 is the 37th odd number. Of course, we must not forget that 57 times 3 equals 171. Now, 37 is the 12th prime and 75 is the 31st prime number. By adding 12 and 31 we get 43, and 35 joined and related to the horizontal yields the symbol for infinity (∞). 35 is also the Master degree because the 35th number of the Fibonacci series, which yields 561 and 561 times 561 equals 561 given as the pi-atomic number 314169. There are 35 corners or steps designed into the beehive shape of the so-called "Treasury" of the Atrium in Mycenae, Greece, which indicates that it was designed to be a repository of cosmic law and of spiritual treasure. Of course, the root word of infinity, ∞, is also infinity, probably a sacred temple of fungus or mushroom essence.

As for 97, it is the 25th prime number and is exactly 14 less than 111. 97 read backwards is 79 and 79 is the 22nd prime number. Adding 25 and 22 yields 47 which is the atomic number for the element Silver. The nuclei of silver will neither fuse nor fission, which leads George Gamow, in his book, One, Two, Three... Infinity, "which is a read gauge which related to my expression: The Trinity (Tri-halling) leads to infinity) to note, that, "we live in a world in which practically every object except a silver dollar is a potential nuclear explosive." Will that titbit of information help the harassed officialdom in Argentina who, in the case of daily reports of flying saucer incursions and landings, ask: Why here? It's all very spooky. And perhaps that explains why the United States grapple the AC-47 has been dubbed the "Spooky."

And now to 79. So hold on to your hats, for 79 is the atomic number for the element Gold. And the symbol for gold is the designation Au. And we add 1 to 29. Now! A-1 and U-21. That's her! I have anything else we can do with 79? Let's try subtracting 27 from it. What do we get? 42. Now what about 42? Well, Robert Kennedy died at the age of 42, and Sirhan Sirhan is 24. Well here's an article dated the 26th of July and it has 42 letters in its headline: caption: "RELIQUARY OF CLEVELAND." STOP! STOP! STOP! ROTTING IN STAIRS! The article concerns itself with the Cleveland Black Nationalist Leader Fred Ahmed Evans. We note that he is 36 years old. And what is the sum of the numbers from 1 to 36 inclusive? Why none other than 666, the number for man, the beast. Remember the number 37? Well 37 times 11 equals 407. 407 equals 11. The number of the Holy Trinity. And at what junction of streets was Fred Ahmed Evans' store located? Way... none other than Superior and 111th. Street. And what experience was crucial in turning Mr. Evans onto the study of astrology...? Why nothing less than a flying saucer sighting while driving one night with his girl friend. And does that sound familiar? 79, show up anywhere in that article? Yes, it does, in the penultimate paragraph of that article!

It was believed that Evans was the leader of a group called the circle Afro-America Unity. The circumference of any circle, we know, can be expressed by the formula $P = \pi d$, thought by some ancients to be the fraction 22/7, times the diameter. In this case, the diameter stretches between the Alpha and Omega of existence, and can never be circum-

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Where it's at!

WOODSTOCK '68

by Abolafia

It all started in Woodstock; at least that's where it is now! Dylan scored there five years ago — his wife will meet you at the door with her shotgun. I brought my naked presidential ass up there to — well, split the fucking N.Y. smoke scene and get some pure Oi — they ganged up on me with love up there!

That which I thought would be a song, like "The Fire Island Scene" wasn't! At least that's where, my head sees it at right now. Pure love reigns. Beautiful swimming holes — "The Big Deep," "Shades," "The George" (complete with water falls). It even sounds beautiful. There's nude swimming — if the fast don't last you! Back to nature, Love and camping out. And in town 1/2 the kids I see on St. Mark's Place. They congregate and do the whole freedom spectacle and honestly speaking it's like honey — love and the whole of what the old movement was! Complaint with the spiritual — love — natural — karma of last, last year (the first) Big Easter Be-In. Sharing — communal trips. The whole internal exploration for future growth. The inner message! The only thing missing is the proverbial swim and I'm hanging out as soon. Maybe Reichdancers — you know — someone beautiful like that.

Anyway it's all there for the asking and the taking. The California scene has now moved via New York to the mountains and Woodstock. Unlike the old artist colony that it was, Woodstock (100 miles up on the thru-way) Kingston said — you can usually hitch up and back or pay the \$1.00 bus fare right to the heart of town—it's worth it! is the new center of Godland in meditation.

I started my excursions to this what I consider the new Holyland several weekends ago and have left my workers behind to continue the Love Camping and artist and counsel marriage and their parents while I've gone to meditate, pray, and get generally drunk of the hot springs of the Big Deep. A good feeling of health and rejuvenation has been mine and I'm sure that with the help of Wallace, Reagan Humphrey and Nixon (all showing their incompetent poverty stricken asses) I will win the '68 election for President on a massive write-in vote.

The cops are really the greatest of all possible There are hassles at times up in Woodstock so I'm

not suggesting a rejection to the hills unless you are ultra-kind and can handle it. But while all the would-be "hip" types from Friday's and Maxwell's Place (you know, the uptown scene) with their 90-100 I. Q.s are making Fire Island and South-East and West Hampton in search of the DeKooling's balls pseudo art scene—in search of a Jewish paradise on earth—I suggest you risk it and go to Woodstock.

For you macrobiotics, I suggest you bring your 1966s, bag of brown rice up with you and your dried fruits, figs and other goodies because Kingston and Albany (40 miles away) are not into you yet. So don't get caught short.

Lolita and Candy greeted me with loving smiles, brought me into the woods of the Woodstock forest, rubbed me gently, kissed me, sweetly caressed my, pears, grapes—they even kept the fire away. All this was mine. And they left me in my moment of enchanted bliss to think on the problems of the world and come up with the answers! For this burden of responsibility lay on my shoulders and years—but never on theirs. Remember that! And what better place to meditate! Their love was mine—gently. What better ad for Woodstock could there be? What a travesties.

And it's all true for me... Well, maybe 'cause I'm a Presidential candidate and the love leader, etc. But remember I am you, are we, and he, and she all together. So it's all there for you, too, baby. It's all there for you!

The truth is, many young hippies are thinking of buying land and having a permanent water hole of their own. I'm thinking along these very same lines. So Woodstock will probably be more of a year round home for me too. At land auctions you can probably get 4-6 acres for 600-700 dollars. Pitch your own tent, or if you're very energetic like Tall Michael from 6th street (877), you'll build your own cabin in the fall.

There are still some traces of a declining Midtown. St. type setting. You know—the cafes with the Fair food — the "who's hanging around today." That is quietly subsiding to the more usual 10 kids sitting around the center of town humping up food and picking their nose of the woods for a night sleep.

Woodstock is of course still an ideal place to whip

out your brakes and do your paint thing if that is your thing but only in the sense that country can be conducive to art. The painting done in Woodstock is pretty much amateurish and schooled for beginners—though I could get an argument on that score from the students and few of the fairly good artist there.

Food is fairly reasonable — and the town feels are friendly. Places can be rented cheaply for the entire summer at \$120 a month — for example — a beautiful cabin on a top of a mountain overlooking God's country. Some houses are still shared by 3-4 people as exists in the pseudo-hippie Fire Island trip — but communes do exist and the way things are going down more and more communes are popping up.

Don't take my word for it — get your ass off the ground and by all means check it out.

Of course people greeted my trips with open arms—love — interest — concern for the campaign and my following seems to have preceded me into the woodlands — so the time of embarrassment to some around me who shy away from "Hay Leaky Baby" — "How's the campaign going" and a strong right hand grip and Presidential nod of assurance for the future—only good things happen— da da da Yes — It's A PRETTY GOOD PLACE FOR CAMPAIGNING—but my encounter with nature was crucial to my yielding better system—must keep in mind that Gods are only Earth and love — all to my dismay.

All things in due time — and in due course. We must begin to make inroads in the woodlands of all americans — become such an integral part of the life source (with our new music and new thinking) so that we will continue to help the world when the country falls apart. N. Y. falls into the sea and you know, all the rest of the bullshit happens — the prophecies will, I'm sure, come to pass — but we must make spiritual inroads into the future for regaining the new harvest of what is left of man. The new world belongs to us — you and me — and right now it has been extended to Woodstock and away from the city map and shut. This is not living—N.Y., the disaster—we were thrust into it. Let us not perpetuate the ILLUSION as reality for any obscure purpose that may exist — Life — is — Life — is life!

Tales of poor Ulisses

by Lennox Raphael

and side, west side, which is 37 blocks.
Back in '64, or was it '63? I lived on 12th street, between avenue A & B, and my apartment was robbed of typewriters, tape recorder, stereo system, television, one blanket. Do you know the deflating emotion that grabs your navel when you walk thru the door & everything you is gone, taken by a stranger, or a friend in need, or by one of the unscrupulous who walk thru your eyes, stops on your heels & have visions of your hostility, your predictiveness, your tension? The gang leader on the block was upright.

Good times had passed us, he had been in my place once or twice, & I knew and he was certain, my apartment was off limits to our friendly urban sharecroppers. A lot of people were being robbed around us. Yes, you must add that the Leader, that first night at my place (you were the Leader, about 15, The Shadow, 18, Johnny The Hip & Harwood Blander who would eat you at the drop of a hat, and Maryanne & I), the Leader was telling Johnny about some of the jobs they had pulled, the serious pranks, and everyone laughed, enjoy because it was funny? The Shadow's family was on Welfare & didn't like the Welfare check, so the Shadow brought us cheese. The Shadow was very mindful but still tenderly young, and one night after drinking one pint of Bevo, for the first time, he decided it was much wiser to jump from the leading three dreamcatchers down five flights. Next time the Shadow drank less or fancy? Sometimes the hardened steel, that navel snail lasted but a few minutes, then freedom, the Taker had relieved me of the duty of having to feel strongly about these machines. What is a police lock?

Dan lived on the first floor with Lisa. He came to visit me & saw the open door. He knew. He was passed. He tried to find me, but couldn't. I was in Brooklyn. So here I come walking in to my charismatic ecodroaches & their own joint, and the door is open, and the ecodroaches after discovery. Then Dan arrives with the Leader. The Leader is very cooperative. "I want you to know that my boys didn't pull the job." They were investigating, looking for the one who did it, they were hoping mad to find the Taker. Then they found the Taker. The Leader came to me saying the Taker lived below. Right he was. The Leader said the Taker was "lunatic."
"What do you want to do with him?" the Leader said.

"I want the stuff back."

So the stuff was already gone, no more machines for the time being. The Leader had been to the fences already, but the Taker had done business with a transient.

"Ow, the police," the Leader said, "or let's take him down to the basement."

The Leader wanted to teach him a lesson. He must pay his dues. The Leader wanted to rush him against the basement wall "and beat his living daylight shik," keep him against the wall, "fuck him up!" the Leader said, and he wanted me to share in the madness. I could kick his ass good, slap his "shit face around," put my foot on his eyes, I didn't have "to take any shit from a stupid junkie" . . . or I could go to the police. The police. Go to the police. The Shadow used to say everytime the cops picked him up they would take him down to the precinct & staggypoo his ass around, on general principles. The Shadow hated the cops. The Leader had been in several times, & he despised in police. The blue race with the power & the glory of the gun & its glory.

"Not the cops," I said.

I didn't want the Police because I didn't want the Police. The Leader said I would be doing the Taker a favor. The Taker wanted the Police because he was outside and couldn't get any shit & had to steal, steal, steal. The Taker had a wife & four kids, and one day the wife was out front & saw people moving & said, "That wife & to look like mine?" Later she went up and the four rooms were empty & she called the police & he was next up, & he kicked home till he returned to the block with the rest of the unscrupulous.

"Call the Police," the Leader said. So look here I tell the Leader if the Police come the Taker & Other Takers would be taken. Even the unscrupulous, the block, I used to stand outside at night as kids run from cars to basements with batteries. They used to take cars for a few hours & ride joyfully center of the highway thru their free incomes.

"O.K.," the Leader said. "Let me know if you see a good typewriter around here & I'll get it for you."

"It's O.K.," I said.
"Or maybe you have a friend with one. Someone you don't like."

Something was worked out. Nothing was done. Sometimes I passed the Taker on the stairs. He was raped one night during a fire. Dan & I moved upstairs. The roof strike continued. One day the newspapers carried the story of an assassination. The Gentleman was shored from a late model Lincoln & the Lincoln was under a machine gun to keep him from

rolling. He had more guts than Clyde. The Lincoln drove around the block & came back with their headlights as the Gentleman forced himself into a crenel on the sidewalk. The driver was good. He pulled the car onto the sidewalk, and there was a bump as he touched the Gentleman's chest. I read about this ritual one week later. The fact that it had happened so close, between B & C on Twelfth, overwhelmed me into an isolation corner, & taught what the city was, and how concrete consciousness functioned when the victims did not live on the block . . . then I thought, right now, I had to wait to read about the killing because I didn't know what was happening in the neighborhood. In the community. Another urban outsider was coming & going.

Brooklyn later I lived on Second Street, between B & C in the constant noise of fire engines, cars, and small happy (or so seeming) storefronts where God is worshipped with tambourines & love while outside it was hell & not hell, depending on one's ticket to heaven. Malcolm X was assassinated during my stay at this apartment. Another empires. I went to North Africa, lived in Morocco, traveled thru Europe, met people from the Lower East Side, but never Puerto Ricans, those who provide the language majority on the East Side, or the East Village. Bajas Manhattan.

Then I returned last summer, 1967, the hippos were claiming Tompkins Square Park, there was music in the park, more flower facades sat on the grass (instead of smoking it) & the cops rioted. They beat people left & right, and they were wrong, but no cop was punished for drawing blood. Then we felt the presence of the cops, white faces, a few black ones, the blue race. The year of the cop on the lower east side started last summer. The Grateful Dead played too. The cops are silent unscrupulous except about with their guns swinging, cops looked at residents & spat on concrete. I saw it happen more than once. Maybe you had to look more than once to see it happen. You had to see it more than once to really believe it, but you felt stupid for believing it only after it happened.

So I lived on Seventh Street between B & C. Garvara was killed, then King, then another Kennedy, the wars were intensified, escalation became a groovy word. Then trouble started two weeks ago. The Jewish Tactical Patrol Force trooped into the cross-avenue B community & started getting into blind houses with the residents, even arresting leaders without knowing these people to be leaders. One night I saw Walton Smith (who works at the Tompkins Square Park Community Center) . . . he was at B & 9th trying to help keep things cool, he knew the cops were ready. Night after night people threw missiles at cops, residents marched on the Ninth Precinct. They wanted the TPF OUT! One afternoon I walked down Avenue B to Second Street past boarded up windows, two or three or four or five cops at corners, they were their helmets, they wore their dented helmets & when they looked at you it was with hostility & suspicion. "Why do they have to stand there?" someone said. "They don't live here. Elton no hablas español?"

So I was moving to Eleventh Street between A & B the night people were running up & down the street poking cops running from cops being arrested and fleeing cops, & last Friday & Saturday traveled around with Elridge Glover. We were in Rochester, in Syracuse, in New York. Cleaver spoke to young people. He spoke of pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs pigs. The Presidential candidate on the Black Panther Party & Peace and Freedom looked run down the democracy of the pig as we went from sky to sky. Saturday night I returned to the city. There was trouble on my block. Tamron on the street.

"The cops beat up a Spanish person . . . and so much niggers. He was drunk, but they didn't have to do that. They could have walked away like they do for a lot of people."

From my apartment window I looked down on the street of glittering shards. Then something happened. A car came from B, stopped in front of my building, windows cracked out and grabbed someone from the stoop & bottles rained on the car & occupants as the cops fought into the car and



THEATER

Words than going through changes is having to publicly sort up to views which, given the recent contact, now seem wrong—and using mitigating words such as "misguided," "half-aware," etc. doesn't help.

Dionysus is \$8 when I first saw it, impressed me with its overwhelming power and lucid technique, then later seemed just too long; a frank, intense thought oversteered. The direct involvement of the audience to confirm the possibilities of experience for theater is a difficult feat, for I don't mean involvement to be just the physical contact; the politics of ecstasy surely do not include the fascist notion that each person expresses joy in the same manner, i.e., by joining a dance at one particular moment in time. Theater groups in this country are attempting to synthesize the European and other traditions with a peculiarly native aesthetic.

Part of the discovery so far has been that acting is only one step over from the profusion of actions practiced by everyone alive. In Dionysus, therefore, the various roles are layers of personality pulled together by each actor who words with himself as he understands himself, and with humanity, and with the character bidden in the dialogue and action of the written play. This new theater, follows all other similar groups including any who have the same view of explication and truth, in its conscious and conscious conviction that the language of familiar words must be re-explored for latent pervasion through overuse and misunderstanding. Words such as "actor" and "play" and "audience."

When I next saw the play, it had visibly reconstructed its theory of "politics of ecstasy" and had chosen the more restricted meaning of the word "politics," the various roles of society have now been limited to public office, and the need to shout out lateral warnings in a play, at a time when everybody's aunt remembered "her property" of the events which did take place had a most nullifying effect on the remainder of the experience.

Dionysus is an attempt to regain that original passion with which theater was performed—and, particularly in the case of the Greek tradition of Dionysian rites. Everybody played, in those days. The people playing in this word are of varying quality, and it is fairly hard to comment on individual performances because the created roles are so much externalizations of their own projected psyches, to the point where reaction to a specific character, even when he is engaged in a chorus action, becomes a matter of vibrations and disquieted intentions. Bill Finley, however, remains powerful throughout the performance, whether his presence is visible or intimated, through off-stage whispers. Dionysus seems to be only a projection off his own view of himself, rather than a studied creation of various characterizations; as though, within, he is multi-faceted enough to perform psychic excavations and emerge with an understanding of the role he is externally performing on a stage. His actions, postures, played by Bill Shepherd, exhibits the most direct and direct during a rigorous play. Sometimes, the exposition seems to embarrass him, causing a slight falter in his action—and I do not refer to the "ritual combat" scene wherein he is forced to answer all questions truthfully, no matter how painful they may be. Of the others, I remember most vividly four dancing in the close rehearsal, when the seemed to truly be enjoying ecstasy, to the point where her emotion changed the others in a most fantastic way, and I cried her.

The score of HAIR (The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical) is exhilarating; there were then several of the form of the music, allowing total freedom of the private imagination, that makes it hard not to enjoy it, no matter what it is tied to, or superficial company kept, in part.

More people than I ever expected knew safety was against the law, and even admitted that the explanatory explanatory one in the show made them aware for the first time that they had passed John Fitter's rationale that "sex is dirty, enjoy it," well then. After seeing this year's motion picture entries in the mixed media, pre-integration ranks . . . I have new respect for songs which at least recognize that white chicks do sing, even if indirectly, that "black boys are debauched" and that black chicks, given the ad campaign if nothing else, have to think about "white

boys are so pretty." "Colored Spade" is still a redundancy, but after listening to the listed names one might ask a Negro, from "resident of Harlem/President of love—you heard me, president of love"—plus all the other terms, "so you say," yeah, ok.

Right on down the line, right through to "I Got Life" which taken on a new vibrance in the re-listening and hearing.

In the time the play has been on, reaction and perception has had time to allow priorities to regain their positions. The play only-exposes half a world, the side with the tart taste but without the deeper thought, the pain of wondering, "Where do I Go?" The barbs, the pain of parents could so easily take comfort that their children would grow out of their search for peace and awareness, becoming eventually into the world they live in, where clocks are not lined and hanging on trees, but in a consummate dictator—that outweighed consideration that this play to get swallowed by people who are paying partially to have their prescriptions sweetened.

Unfortunately, I did not find out from the actors themselves that it was their own decision to alter the play's structure and content, thus giving their actions an entirely new validity, although still as personally important to me.

The definition of the word "critic" scarcely needs some new insight-explorations; if anything, I fell into the trap of refusing to realize that I wanted my political methodology to prevail, and was ceasing theater with ethics.

The opening of the show, "The Age of Aquarius" is a beautiful poem and hope, and never to be knocked under any circumstances, especially as we seem to be going faster towards an eclipse of the whole galaxy, lately.

Obviously, the whole scene can be regarded in a different context especially if given the introductory, customary kind of this being a disorientation. So if you can't stand to laugh, including at yourself, don't go—even if you can afford it. Some of the smart is gone, though, for me, because enough time has passed so that the original condescension running through parts of the show is no longer (apparently) theatrical; (illegible) laughter can only hurt when the involvement is so one-sided that perspective is gone.

FILM

Fifth Ave. Cinema seems to concentrate on the French early motion: This weekend, Jean Seurat, The Crime of M. Lange and Duvivier's Port de Commerce, next week, three René Clair, including Beauties of the Night and Beauties of the Devil. Tel. WA 4-8123.

The New Yorker just picks and chooses from everywhere; Bagat and Belmonte over the weekend; then Belmonte and Jean Renoir's Volpone next week. Tel. TR 4-0181.

The Producer is one of the funniest films of the year. It is now opening at the Art Theatre on 14th St. and at the Apollo, 42nd, off Broadway, where it will play with Beauties of the Night, strange sense of humor that somebody has, Met Brooks and Zero Mostel may not belong on film; they may truly belong in the theatre. These two are still better than most of the people primarily associated with film—or other movies. They are funny.

A new Andy Warhol film will open Thursday at the Garrick: Lones of Oudiss. The Warhol Garrick is now running Warhol films exclusively, having even taken the name in hopes that some of it will rub off. Unfortunately, if they don't do something about their projector soon, for instance fix it, nothing is going to help them, not even being between two great entertainment establishments, The Cafe Au Go Go and the Greenwich Hotel. Tel. of the Garrick: 333-8270.

The Executive (also near the Garrick) is running Blow-Up and Purple Noon this weekend. Purple Noon is one of the best mystery thrillers ever. Max and Tueda in Woman in the Dunes and The Cousins; for any who missed the latter, it is a rare film. Tel. OR 4-3216.

It is interesting how certain directors/filmmakers seem to deconstruct particular festivals. At the Lyceum

(Jesse Films), Truffaut and Bergman seem to occur almost every other day, with exceptional being in Eisenstein This weekend, Truffaut's Shoot the Piano Player; next week, The 400 Blows; Bergman's The Silence and Wild Strawberries. . . Tel. JU 8-3877.

Lita Elisen

Filmy Films

In order to not assume total responsibility for this film critique, BJ has decided to share the commentary with a long-lost friend found on his shoulder in the shape of a hologram.

BJ "THIR Kinetik Art?" Sounds rather pretentious, eh Boobie?

Boobie — "Well, youse got intainted to nuffin, just open yo' mouth. Even though I never saw them, I was entertained."

BJ — "really? Well, in that case, here's a list of these films shows at that decadent Lincoln Memorial Philharmonic Hall. Tell me what you think of them . . ."

Boobie — And considering that you didn't even see a to-to . . . Shot up! And stop pecking your nose. Let's see now . . . Afterward, from Westminster, Germany: lyrical. Gavotte, by Walther Borowczyk. Paris: Holobouque, if I do say so myself. Spider Elephant, Priscie Kamen, Paris: delicate. Elena, Jan Husarick, Budapest, natch . . . ah! The problem is that four singles are nervous, and I feel asleep.

BJ — Not an hypothesis.

Boobie — Okay, Boobie, enough! It struck me as if the show meant to be entertaining: more than anything else. What do you think?

Boobie: I don't. That's why I agree with you all the time. I really did like Happiness . . . It seemed more truthful than most . . .

BJ — Why?

Boobie — Cos it was short

Baby Jerry

Che is Alive

Graph after the first striking shot of Bolivians painting in sculptured silence to the dead body of Guevara, one begins to wonder if it really matters. Far in the following scene, Roberto Piva, the strong faced actor who plays Guevara, begins reading from Che's writings while sitting or standing on a table until the endless forests, downy fields and slow speed reveals, he puts on much the long through a peer sound system pushing a viewer to stay and hope, or in sheer desperation to flee, when all of a sudden something rains!

Pela, thank god, puts the damn book away and quite spontaneously begins exchanging insults with venable director of this Spanish language film, Jose Sotomayor, and before you know it, you're taking through a splintering outburst: Piva denounces the "billionaire" of life as seen in so many big and small ways; from the possible casting of Heitor as Guevara by Hollywood, to the matchbook cover he's picked up from a table offering education through a coupon, to the petty crap dropped through to many channels in a modern, powerful country. Piva's explosion is sad, angry, funny and full of rich Spanish barbs, and his eyes are especially interesting as they shake alive with fire, or sometimes drop to tender softness in response to some question or comment of the director.

Then you're in Bolivia with the revolutionary idealist or so some would view it, the romantic fool, tied up and surrounded by the enemy, very much alone, new



by Allan Katzman

"Status is his father and his race is Adam." He shall overthrow the mighty and lay waste their temples; He shall redeem the dejected and weak vengeance in the name of the burned and the tortured!"

From *Rosemary's Baby*, Written by Iris Levin and directed by Roman Polanski.

three Ps of young peoples' awareness—PEACE, POT, and PURITY.

With the advent of the elections and the meager choice given to us by both parties, the repression will grow even so that in five more years the cities will be teeming with trouble. Young negroes will be exiled in the greater part of it because most whites will have given up the city area to them and moved to the suburbs. And the new young whites who grow out of these new surroundings, of things don't improve, will react with even greater vehemence than the simple fact that, as one young person recently put it, "The reason I ran away from the suburbs was because all I could find there was a lot of Barberees, Cratgrats, and Adultery."

What it all comes down to is finding a meaning; a meaning of life which is not supplied with War, Money, Government, Racism, and Boredom. If America wants to survive as a freedom loving nation, it has to solve these problems immediately and correctly.

Right now in San Francisco, across the bay in Oakland, the city is solving its race problem with the trial of Huey Newton. Black Panther, charged with the killing of an Oakland policeman and the wounding of another, Newton's Lawyer Gary is trying to prove that Huey is not getting a trial by his peers because all of the registered jurors are white and middle class. He is making himself a good case because Oakland is predominantly white and middle class. The reason is because the state's constitution and they seem to run each other the wrong way. There is also another side to the Newton case which Gary will have to prove. The Vendetta waged by the Oakland "Figs" (the Panthers' name for the police) against the Blacks, especially the Panthers.

The white reaction that occurred between police and Newton occurred when they recognized him, pulled him from his car and started to kick and beat him as he lay on the ground. Newton, in order to defend himself, grabbed a gun from one of the policemen. If, as many theorists state to be correct, there is a very long way being waged by the police then Newton legally defended himself using the rights granted to him by the constitution to bear arms. Newton's case seems to signify the police structure's inability to handle the populace without brutality. Into this mindless of bias, fear and prejudice, caused in a large measure by the inability to control the growth of mass people in a city, a large amount of innocent people are being sucked in.

Kingdom Cleaver, the able spokesman for the Panthers, has claimed that if Huey is not freed, a lot of Black Panthers will not be alive by this time next year. What he means is obviously retaliation from both sides. With this kind of attitude, a war can be easily triggered off all over the country with the Blacks moving off second wave, to the Nation. Meanwhile the Peace and Freedom Party with its predominantly white cops has nominated Cleaver for President on their ticket in the coming national elections. There is no hope that he will be elected but there are still some people who still cling to the system in the hope that others will discover its illusion.

San Francisco today is a warring city. Most of the people who were in the city this time last year are now being ostracized in houses that feel as barracks and bandaid guns in secret in preparation when it will all come down while others have taken to a further retreat in woods and wilderness to wait, vacillate, and return one day when it is all over with. There is one woman, a private with very imaginative credentials (as says the San Francisco Chronicle) who claims it doesn't matter because this time next year San Francisco will be inundated by earthquakes and fire. If it is true what she has prophesied, then we all have been smelting the mythology of Saturn. And one finds this kind of disavowal with whom you look around and see how our man-made system has polluted the countryside with pollution, bad vibrations and negative energy. This earth like Moby Dick will lift great white tail and smash us all for our transgressions.

San Francisco has appeared, as has every other major city in America, seem to be Rosemary's baby in all shapes, sizes and colors. It is the cruel legacy of a broken consciousness tested in time by our own political system unable to absorb the changes. One can picture some young person in a white dress in a large meadow in San Francisco it all comes out like a people. This is where it all began and this is where it will all end.

The prophet eats Falafel

by Steve Kraus

Ring out the camel bells, swing a stick of incense and take a good pill on your hookah — the Falafel has come to town! No, it isn't the latest rock group; it's food for the inner man rather than for the outer ear. It's inexpensive, rich in protein and only three thousand years old. And somehow it only seems fitting that the man who is bringing the Falafel to the Lower East Side is an actor who has appeared on four continents and who recently starred in a film called "Broken Wings," the story of Khalil Gibran, the Lebanese poet, painter and philosopher.

But first, the Falafel. Falafel is to many of the countries in the southern coast of the Mediterranean what the hot dog or the slice of pizza are to America, except that it goes back thousands of years. It was already wrapping themselves around it in Egypt in the days of the Pharaohs. Known today in the Arab world as "tawleh," it is eaten throughout the Middle East, offered to the hungry passer-by by sidewalk vendors and tiny, hole-in-the-wall restaurants. It is probably the most popular snack in the Arab and Jewish cuisines, practically the favorite snack in Israel. Falafel is very cheap and extremely nourishing, but its widespread success and favor may also be due to the widespread belief that its consumption aids the male reproductive power.

The Falafel comes in an envelope of this Syrian bread ("pita") that is stuffed with vegetable salad, freshly fried to order in vegetable oil, which contains different ingredients. On top of that come freshly chopped tomatoes, lettuce and parsley and a sauce some called tahini. If you have a heart and are in a sense of strict stomach there is optionally available a reddish hot sauce, which, depending on your fortitude and taste, you will either find delicious or suggestive of lava piping both from the blazing mouth of a volcano.

Also available for taking home and gustatory trucking out is "homus," an appetizer, a paste-like spread made of mashed chick peas, tahini, lemon, salt and garlic. A large container costs five pita bread can also be bought to go. The Falafel sandwich, which is a mainstay in itself, is \$2. And though many are available at Pierre's House of Falafel, on the west side of First Avenue between 12th and 14th Street, a place not much larger than a cigarette paper, this week Pierre is opening a second falafel palace in the subway arcade near 85th Broadway, across the street from the Mays Garden Theater.

Pierre, named the man behind the Falafel, is a handsome, powerfully built fellow who looks more like a soldier of fortune than an actor who has played a Mid-Eastern mystic in a film, or some one involved in introducing exotic cuisine to gentile people in New York. Pierre, born in Lebanon, father and French mother in Haifa, in what is today Israel, he grew up in Paris, and after some medical studies, studied acting with the celebrated drama group assembled by Louis Jouvet. When Jouvet died, Pierre came to America and studied with the famous New York Theater Center Wing. After a year he moved on to Brazil and it was there that his professional stage career began in earnest. He first became well-known through his one character play, "Hands of Eurydice," by the Brazilian playwright Pedro B. Kacelnikov in an audience as "Dance of a Luscious." Pierre toured with this play throughout Central and South America. All in all he has performed it in all the seven languages he knows fluently: English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Arabic and Hebrew. He hopes to return to New York to work in the play, a comic role, only, the audience, the audience to play the parts of the main (and only) character's wife, children, in-laws, girlfriend. . . . During his stay in Brazil Horday had a weekly TV show in Rio de Janeiro called "The Telephone," in which he talked with imaginary people on the phone, from time to time playing important parts in five Brazilian films.

After performing "Hands of Eurydice" at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires under the sponsorship of the Argentine Government, Pierre took it to Cuba, and then returned to New York to work in the play, a comic role as chairman agent, while continuing to appear on the stage and on the screen. But his very success as agent, naturally enough, began to hinder him in his dramatic efforts. People in show business circles type cast him as an agent rather than as an actor, and, in 1965, he returned to the Middle East.

Preceded by enthusiastic publicity he toured again with "Hands of Eurydice" and made the film "Broken Wings," in which he plays Khalil Gibran, the Lebanese mystic who perhaps best known for his book "The Prophet." Pierre's first film abroad was made for his own company, which Argentine Rodin compared to those of William Baka.

1968 has been a big year for Pierre: his film opened in New York to very complimentary reviews and he began his Falafel invasion of those United States. With the Falafel he has a lot of experience in opening his plans to open two more in the immediate future and ultimately to have a chain of them national in scope. "America can use a change," he says. "Using the Falafel I am starting out with its eating habits!"

POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

The Devil is God as he is misunderstood by others. In San Francisco, it seems to go double. The Magical Mystery Tour, with its quaint tourist cars, hills that dip and climb from bowels to basins, and wooden houses standing alert, colorful, awake to the foot treading, has been taken over by a new offspring. No longer is it a city that sets a style but a last bulwark in the destruction of a place where approximately four million people (if you include the Bay Area and Marin County) live in peace and harmony.

These past few years the city has taken their natural course. The Haight District with its last remnants of "The Love People" has taken on an aura of violence and addiction. The self-styled hippies who have made their life in the media are all but gone. What remains is a rat race where the respect and reverence for life exists as the corner for its destruction. The colors and pretty clothes are still there and even the gay, bar and tribal bands, but they sneak around corners now and pack a bulge under innocent and pally decorated garments.

There have been a couple of killings lately over drugs and it seems a riot. The last lasted about two days and was precipitated when the police arrested two young Negroes from Richmond, across the bay, for "pushing," hard as well as soft drugs. They were arrested on a charge of the Haight, and as they were being dragged away, yelled for help which was responded to by local tribesman with a barrage of bottles and rocks and shouting down curses on the local "pastor" heads. The police responded naturally with force, plenty of clubs and tear gas. The Haight took up their position behind barricades and the conflict of buildings. The whole thing lasted two nights with a lot of fireworks, molotov cocktails, some singing, a lot of broken heads and bones and innocent people being totally missed.

The next couple of days, after the police had blockaded the inn block hippies and they moved out when everything seemed to go back to normal, the number of two young people was discovered not five blocks apart from each other. The police claimed they had no connection with each other. As to a brutal and blood-soaked with beanmeat and tape, the police speak for themselves. One policeman, from well-known family across the bay in Oakland where his uncle was a judge and he, himself, an excellent student will up the ladder to medical school, was found shot dead with pockets of cocaine in his coat pocket and a \$100 bill in his hand. The other was a local inventor in the Haight way-life; sixteen years old, he was found shot in the street in broad daylight with his needle works gleaming in the sun, and a gun coated and ready-to-fire hanging from behind his belt. The first youngster's parents were alarmed. "He was a good boy," the second's, somewhere to be found. There WAS no connection except the connections themselves and the one dies dead in and which had now become a way of life in the Haight.

As far as the police were concerned, their behavior was akin to those they have done except that it had no holder on it. And their brutality in dealing with the problem was no less recognizable than the city fathers' own impotence in doing something about it. The law was the law even if it made criminals of a large part of a creative minority; probably, the only creative one in the whole society.

The law is now leaves to a new group of youngsters who will be to the majority of America's population by 1972 has been closed and badly handled by both sides. It will become a rallying point and symbol for young people who do not understand the good and bad uses of drugs and an area of freedom that's now fading as scape value in the political arena of liberalism and revolution. There is a repression growing in America that has to be will to do away with the

ROCK & ROLL



by Bob Rudnick/Dennis Frawley

COMING ATTRACTIONS

This week in New York:
AU GO GO Fri-Sun. — Blood, Sweat, & Tears, Söderberg, Peter Walker
BITTER END, Grand Staircase, Peak Mountain.
CENTRAL PARK Fri — Young Holt United, Arthur Prysock, Arnold Cove Sat — Mothers of Invention, Buddy Guy, Mon. — Los Rovers, Joe Keys Wed — The Who, The Mandala
DOM, Clark Terry & Tonight Show All Stars
FILMORE, Big Brother and Holding Company, Staple Singers, Ten Years After
GASLIGHT, Morley Rock III, Billy Mitchell, Carl Worman:
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (Jazz in Garden): Thurs. 8:30 PM — Jimmy McGriff & Organ Trio
GROUP IMAGE, Light, music, dance, show at Dipsomat Hotel on Wed 9 PM
SCENE, John Hammond, Buzz Lighter, Reason, Son. — Wed — Ten Years After
SLUGS, Art Blakey, Men — Bob Patton Sat. aft. — Pharaoh Sanders
VILLAGE GATE, Upstairs — Solo Sets: Downstairs — Hugh Masakela, Jimmy Smith

Steve Paul's latest rambling 'The cool ain't I' full page ad in EVO and the Voice once again reflects the whimsical, near glib attitude of the drabky Jewish (but not his restaurant) led from Debra Perry who 'always wanted to be accepted in Greenwich Village, but never quite made it.' The "Underground doesn't exist" for spiritless club owners, public relations men, record company executives and money capitalists, who never faced the blood drenched clubs and burning sprays of music whiffled by brutal blue blooded pure, Marxist politicians want to suppress the passionate belief of freedom, love and expression of the "underground", for the roots of change are nurtured in the soil of art-embellishment activity.

"The underground doesn't exist" for the capitalists and obscenity who ride the fringe of hypocrisy. For them it is a vehicle for "accepted evolution" and/or moving new laws of easy money. But it is from the pangs of the underground press and radio that truth springs, not the mainstream press and airways. And the new society will not be suppressed and the underground has always existed for as it breeds the youth and voices of change. And the established music industry is the outdated, obsolescent, performed music of

yesterday's underground. The underground is not a label but a continuing creative force and won't be bottled or washed out by anyone's antiquity.

The Group Image has gotten its level-headed-with music, light, and dancing-together at the Diplomat Hotel every Wednesday starting at 9:00.

Bummers will be filtering into the trade press that the 'Big Gies' lead singer is sick. However, the motive for this rumor is the bombing of the band on their current U.S. concert tour; so this trumpet-up illness can be used as a cop-out for cancellation if the sales don't improve.

The Mothers of Invention return to New York for an appearance at the Central Park Free Festival this Saturday night at 8:30 and 11:30. For only \$1.00 you can catch the great Chicago blues artist, Buddy Guy as well as the Mothers.

Bob Cohen and his New World Singers will give a Free concert of folk songs, old and new on Mon. Aug. 8 at 8 p.m. in Bartolmeo Plaza at 34th Street and Amsterdam Ave.

Jazz singer Bob Patton, who unfortunately is seldom booked, will be making an appearance at Stage this coming Monday night. It's a good chance to catch his infectious vocal stylings.

Paul Butterfield's new album on Elektra is a gem. He is an artist not content to relax on his years' laurels but continually develops into new and more extensive areas in his progressive blues style. Paul will be appearing at the Cafe Au Go Go in late Aug.

Great triple bill at the Fillmore this weekend—Janis Joplin with Her Brothers and the Holding Company, the exciting gospel sound of The Staple Singers, and Ten Years After (another British blues band). Next weekend Joan Baez comes to the Second Avenue Music Hall.

Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey Circus is re-establishing the world's first and only show in professional clowning. Irvin Field President and Chief Executive Officer of The Greatest Show on Earth, announced

that the Circus will open the school this fall at winter quarters in Venice, Florida, and is now accepting applications for enrollment in the eight-week course.

Field said that the school, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus College of Clowns, will launch its first semester in mid-October under the direction of Mel Miller, a one-time Ringling clown, and more recently, Curator of the Ringling Museum of the Circus in Sarasota, Florida.

The new College will be the first and only clown training program of its kind in the world. Graduates will be offered contracts to appear with the two month-old Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus which tour beginning next season.

Young men interested in the tuition-free program should contact Mel Miller, Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, P.O. Box 952, Venice, Florida 33596. Miller requests that applicants include their age and general background. He said that show business experience is not a prerequisite.

David Peel and "The Lawes East Side" will do another concert this Sunday in Washington Square Park. There is a good chance that Electric will release as a single, David's "Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker."

The Only New York showing of the Beatles' "Magical Mystery Tour" will be August 11 at the Fillmore. If a benefit for the Liberation News Service. Tickets are priced at \$3, \$4, \$5.

The electric Kokoi Karma is broadcast Sunday through Thursday, 9 pm to midnight on WFRH/PM 92.1. Guests next week will include comedian David Steinberg on Tuesday and Danny Fields, Elektra Records publicity executive on Wednesday.

Bluz Linhart has agreed to do the Central Park Concert on August 11. He will be sharing the bill with Little Richard and The Chambers Brothers.

John Hammond is back. The lad who was the leader of the urban white interest in authentic blues and was the model for thousands of Redwood coffee house folk singers is astonishing audiences and embarrassing the second rate white imitators of urban blues with accompanied performances at Steve Paul's The Scene. Hammond was an important in the development of the emerging blues-oriented style in the early 60's that the Elektra liner notes to the Blues Project album featuring all the heavy young white blues acts at that time, apologized for Hammond's absence.

John almost gave up singing as a career in early 1960 when he sold everything he owned and took off for Kumpu Baying a Land Rover in England, John traveled through France, Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Turkey and all through the Middle East. After 4 months of living in Antalia, Turkey, John sold his Land Rover and decided to return to New York. Two days later he returned to Japan (as VP of his friend's Infirmary Food Company) to try to get traditional Japanese food. However he soon decided he was not a businessman. Incidentally, John is 1000 and bought, rebuilt and started N.Y.'s jazz/blues restaurant, The Paradox, along with Richard O'Kane.

Finally John returned to his first love—the blues and formed a band with Jimmy Hester (James) in late '68. In early '67 he formed the Screaming Night Hawks from which his present trio evolved. In his trio, presently are Herman Pilgram (formerly with the Counters) on bass and on drums the incredible Charles Utter, who has played with everyone from Lionel Hampton to Ray Charles to Jimmy Reed and is a true vocalist in his own right.

Hammond in recent years has discovered Scientology and become preoccupied and clouded. Though Scientology he has been given a new awareness of life — "Who I am, Why I'm here." It has enabled him to do more, sing more, be more free on top and is certainly singing better than ever before with confidence and peace of mind.

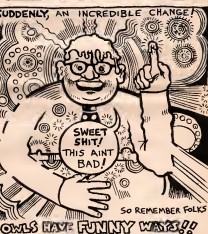
"Hammond stands out for his complete giving of himself to his music. It is this conviction that comes through so strongly in his music whether in live performance or on recordings. Hammond has developed into a first rate master of the blues tradition in all its subtlety and stylistic idiosyncrasies. It flows freely and naturally from him today as it never has before. The driving, infectious, dynamic variety, soulful humor, the earthy humor, the amazing glances, the rasping belt, the rapidly rambling phrases — all these come from deep inside John, for he believes in what he is doing." No white singer does the variety of classic white blues masters as well as Hammond. His repertoire includes blues from Lightnin' Hopkins, Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed, John Lee Hooker, the Delaney, Ray Joe Williams, Muddy Waters, and others.

Hammond will be appearing at The Scene for the next few weeks.

FLAMING FUNNIES

BY KIM DEITCH

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆



THE MAN

BY VAUGHN BODE

©1966

FLY FOR ME
OR I WILL
SMASH YOU...



FLOWER,
I HAVE COME
TO VISIT WITH
YOU TODAY...



MY FINGER
THINGS ARE
ALL CAUGHT
TOGETHER...



I HAVE CRUSHED
A BUG THING...



I AM SICK, I
SHOULD NOT
EAT LIVE
STUFF NO
MORE...



STOP WIND
AN TALK TO
ME...



I AM STANDIN WITH
MY STICK TODAY...
TOMORROW WE
WILL GO STABBIN'
AN STUFF BUT NOT
TODAY...
I THINK MY FRIEND
STICK IS SICK SO
I AM SICK TOO...
I WILL STAND WITH
MY FRIEND UNTILL
HE IS NOT SICK...



I WILL KILL SOME
STUFF TODAY SO
MY STICK WILL BE
HAPPY...



SOME STUFF
IS AFTER
ME!!



I AM STUPID
AGAIN TODAY.



IF I SEE A MAN CREATURE
I WILL TALK TO HIS HEAD
BEFORE I PUNCH HOLES IN
IT...



I AM HERE
THINKIN
THAT IF A
TREE HAD
NOT THIS
LIMB I
WOULD
FALL...



TALK TO
ME YOU
STUPID
ROCK...



I HEAR
SOME THING
WATCHIN ME
FROM OUTSIDE
MY SLEEPIN
PLACE...

VAUGHN
BODE

HIP PROGRAMMES

by Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld

LSD BREAKOUTS

I have written several times of the equivocal evidence linking LSD with chromosomal damage. Except for those who have set out to prove LSD is harmful, most researchers in psychopharmacology now believe there is little or no valid evidence to substantiate the much-reported chromosomal horror tales.

Now a report in the July 15th Journal of the A.M.A. indicates that "psychotic" reactions following LSD use may occur largely in those with a previous history of psychiatric illness and hospitalization.

The authors, Drs. Hollman and Gershon, psychiatrists with the N.Y.U. School of Medicine, studied one out of five patients admitted to Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital over a six month period in 1967. Speaking of the psychedelic group of patients they say, "A striking feature, as with the marijuana and amphetamine groups, was the high percentage of pre-existing schizophrenia."

The authors then ask, "Are prolonged adverse psychotic reactions to the psychedelic drugs due to the drug per se, or are they in fact often due to the pre-existing psychiatric illness, plus other drug insults, plus the first insult of several LSD trips?"

Many investigators have noted that a large proportion of individuals with psychiatric illness have used drugs like LSD in an attempt at self-medication. Those who suffer adverse and prolonged reactions following LSD use, undoubtedly reflect this highly skewed population.

A curious fact, which may help the minds of many, is that California permits the use of LSD in psychotherapy. Enough psychiatrists have several LSD sessions, then administer the drug under supervision until they are considered capable of conducting their own sessions. Many of the country's artists, writers and politicians have used LSD recently.

QUESTIONS: Can you explain why all nude beaches like the one at San Geronimo, California, the men don't seem to become sexually aroused?

I would love to go to a nude beach but my husband is reluctant and I suspect it's because he's afraid he'll have an erection. It shouldn't be embarrassing when I think an erection is the most attractive thing a man can wear. But he'd probably be more willing if he were sure he wouldn't get hard.

I have heard that this is no problem in nudist camps. One of the nice things about being a woman is that you can get quite excited without his showing.

ANSWER: Nudists very quickly adjust to the sight of men in his natural state. None of us were born wearing clothes. The notion that the sight of a naked body is somehow evil is a perversion responsible for much unhappiness in our society. I received two letters recently which speak to this point better than I could. The first is from a small town in the mid-west:

"My half-brother, who is five years old, kept on begging to see my penis. I finally asked him why and he said 'Because it's pretty.'"

He tried to see my cousin's penis also. This has none of the people in our family worried. He has done a few other things to make us believe he is homosexual.

Does this mean he is homosexual or is becoming homosexual? Is there anything we can do about it?"

The second letter is from Berkeley:

"I am a 14-year-old boy interested in seeing the female anatomy (sexual). Could you print pictures or photographs for my enlightenment and for others?"

Also, is it wrong for boys of my age to want to see the naked female body?"

Many psychopharmacologists believe that children should not be allowed to see their parents' nude bodies. That's bunk! The five-year-old boy had apparently not seen many adult nude bodies and with the knowledge he would be an adult someday, wanted to see an adult penis which he considered "pretty". The housewife thought the same. Should the little boy think it ugly?

I have several times considered illustrating my column with drawings or photographs for obviously words are but one way of communicating information.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o EVO, 105 Second Avenue, New York 10003.

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fascion

by Lita Eliscu

their vinyl-imitation half sisters at half price and selling very well (begun for the kiddies who cannot yet afford to buy their own and still don't know how to treat good leather, but vinyl is so much more American, don't you think; one step nearer to rubber pants for les Plastique — that's French for the Plastic family.)

The salesgirl says, "Oh they're selling just wonderfully! They're on back order, there's been such a demand!"

"Do your thing where all the action is this season. It's new! Powwow in leather!" Even the Indians get in on this — remember the dance of manhood — they'll probably offer that as the next party game to break-the-ice.

Nobody who started this thing really likes it, because it didn't get planned; it erupted this summer along with the other saws of the week. Girls wanting to look like the girls boys look at is one thing; but girls wanting to look like girls who like to look like boys is another, whole different kind of mother. Maybe it's just that everybody subconsciously realizes that enough chain and leather is the safest survival costume you can wear this summer, able to turn back most of the lighter kinds of sniper bullets . . .



photos by Roanne Rubinstein

Fashion is a look, and it descends on the unsuspecting in true dripulator fashion: from On High, from those beautiful people who have good p.r. men to make sure everybody else knows what they are wearing. Influence is great and depends on a couple of women lounging around with their designers. Consider that designers are often house guests, or pets, and double as escorts on nights when supposed partners have already split. The power of laughter from the only male around (by comparison) can be devastating. So fashion often derives from the taste of a few people who are continually tired of looking the same, bored as they are by and with themselves . . .

So they look around for inspiration.

There has been a granky look, a little girl look, the outdoorsy Katherine Hepburn esprit, the Hollywood moo-vee starr look — there is even a nude look, except very few ever get away with it really. The only groups left by now are the Periphery, that whole amorphous society maybe in another galaxy; at any rate, usually laughed at or poked at. People write plays and novels about them, do psychological manufacturing studies. . .

Still, they are all that's left, those groups of people who, like the circus performers, have stayed to themselves. Octopussy as the established society is getting to be, it has already drained most of the other groups: just look at little girls and grandmothers — they all look alike, except the younger ones wear ankle-lengths and the older ones wear thigh-hugs. .

Instead of letting all these wierd freakies go to waste, why not just beat them at their own game . . . why not. Just remove the reality and polish off jagged-edged motivations, inundate the whole schtick under a flood of words. . . Rubber panties may never make it uptown, but even whips can be in if the right person carries them: Snap crackle and pop, the breakfast of champions!

In the middle of a bitching New York summer, while drip-dry mentholated maybe-meditation shifts are being offered everywhere (be one with Nehru!) stores are awakening to the necessity of ordering — and re-ordering — more leather. All over. Brute Shoes, as they are cutely called, "with bullfighter brush . . . tacked on antique hardware." Toes right off the football field, and the sales for Dr. Scholl's foot powder must have quadrupled already.

De Pinaa worries, "It's not easy finding a name for a new leather shop . . . a name that showed quality and yet had a groovy sound . . ." and came up with HIDE and SLEEK, which they shrug off as being just OK. Bergdorf's doesn't really believe it's happening, a fashion they did not start and are so anti, but if you take great, glooping words, shiny treasury-chest words, like "groovy-geet!" and "groovy-great!" and "just-marvy!" and "sway-yng" someone might still think you were discussing ice cream sundaes and you're home safe, not one hair anywhere out of place.

At Saks and Lord & Taylor, they pull all the right beach stuff for now, but there they are all a-row: leather vests, shifts, dresses and skirts — and in the very next compartment,



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Thilm

(Continued from Page 7)

the end of it all. Then of all people Taylor Mead wanders before the camera with a radio and that remarkable pony of his, and we're off — into a sunny scene of paradise and darkest horror. While Mead lingers in a Gaudi-like tango, Che in brutally beaten and tortured in the background, and then it is, what can you do, except possibly laugh. For this wild scene appears Latin temperament and culture on there, to what from the romantic eyes of Gaudi, to the savagery of a bodged military, to the complex idealism and courage of a lonely revolutionist, we are confronted with a tapestry of something immensely contradictory but peculiarly Spanish.

Mead's face is, of course, impossible; it falls into odd poses but manages to hold together. Rape eyes are one way, mouth another, lower lip purses left, but eyebrows arch right as he reads, from all things, the U. S. Marine's *Bohannon's Creed*, and so there it is — a bizarre amazing scene of torture in the distance while in the foreground a funny, beautiful face reads a silly, murderous credo until the serious fun ends. Che is shot, and then is shot again, and again and again; his bloody body leaping up and down from the floor like a puppet on a string until the shooting stops.

The best spirit of the underground has always been cerebral and impudent, and the usual breaking of conventional standards in this film the shoving of the sub, the conversation between director and actor, among others is most acceptable after enduring the muddy first half. Pein and Mead have abouting cinematic faces, and Solares's approach to Guzman is so highly individualistic it is devoid of propaganda or any biting degree. By hour's end Che is very much alive, kicking and doing well.

Joseph Allaga

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Signals

(Continued from Page 2)

scribed somewhere in the prophetic verses of the pioneers of the New Jerusalem sailing with the pioneers of "the New Libya." For it was Jesus who said, and I believe that the number 0707 was another name for the lord of the fifth dimension, GUG, just as earlier he was known as Gish, for the pyramid, and as Jesse and as Joshua, that: "If two make peace with one another in the same house, they will say to the mountain, Moved and it will move." July 22 (7/22) was a master step in that direction.

By STANLEY FIBBER



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LETTERS

Dear EVO:
Super removed the FIRST CAUSE
Sinsing the wealthy, he backscattered
them and brought them down to scale
interviews, job interviews, etc. The
Following this success he attempted to
encarnate the politician in the Requiem
Text, using a nonnuptial fad in an
eclecty of generation. He failed with
the politician allowing him to slip back
into the bourgeois of comfort and make
believe. But for his other successes he
won a major award from the Flower
People and freaked out for a week, chasing
tiny two-headed blondes around the
fountain in Washington Square Park.
Feeling that the way to Valhalla was
opened up to him he used the Vedantic
philosophy as a flying saucer and rode
the wind. But he fell slipped from the
strump and he bruised the skin on his
foam leg. Angered by this mishap he
turned on his mother. But he used a bad
bitch and was arrested for hair-trigger
metaphor.

While in prison waiting for trial he
received by parcel post an anonymous
benefactor (who said he stole the
stuff from a National Rifle Club)
two sticks of dynamite and a fuse. He
ribbed at the dynamite and thought it
would go very well with pocket cam-
corders, but not being any luxury he
clipped the dynamite against the wall
and lit the fuse. The ensuing blast broke
every window in the jail and in the re-
sulting confusion Super escaped into the
night. Two blocks from the jail he broke
into a store stocked with ultra-tight
clothing, and while watching the turmoil
in the street, where one hundred and
thirty-one cars from the Tactical Patrol
were creating an enormous traffic jam,
he exchanged his prison garb for a
Kama Sutra uniform of meshed shal-
lows. He took his time dressing for
he knew from experience that the only
thing the Tactical Patrol was good for
was breaking up Peace Demonstrations.

Fitting his peck snugly into a purple
sweat with a pink belt tucked it into
the matrix of shoelaces and stood ad-
miring himself in the glass. Finally he
hung around his neck a large silver
chain with a small medallion of an icono-
scope on it, and dubbing himself the
Giant of Multiple Organs, he ventured
out into the brashness of night.

Super is now at large in the Village
pursuing his new thing. He drinks enor-
mous quantities of water where the kids
have opened hydrants and wanders
around looking for Election Posters to
pick on.

David Mitchell
Charles St.

Dear EVO:
This letter was originally just going
to be a notification of a change of ad-
dress, but I thought perhaps it might
also serve as a chance to tie people
in to a typical Army feeling.
Last week, during one of the many
inspections that are held within our
artillery battalion, a pair of field glasses
was found in a Spec. 4's suitcase, which
he knew would be inspected. How he
got there is as follows: On June 1, 1968
he received orders to pack all his equip-
ment because he was being shipped from
his infantry unit on the OMZ to an
artillery unit about 5 miles south. He
had just gotten off of patrol and still had
his field glasses, compass, etc. in his
start bag. The time he was allowed to
get all his shit in order was short, and
in the rush he forgot to turn in his field
glasses.

Upon arriving at his new unit, he
found them, and, realizing his error, put
them in his suitcase to be returned to
his old unit when he went up there to
visit two weeks later. Before he got a
chance to return them, they were found
by the Colonel on this inspection. Al-
though he has not talked to our head
from the Colonel, he has been told by
the Battery Commander, a typical ass
kicking 1st Lt., and the mediator in this
case, that the Colonel is going to Article
15 the Spec. 4 to death.

Specifically, the maximum punish-
ment, which is reduction two grades (to
E2) which constitutes over \$100 loss
of pay per month, restriction for one
month, forty-five days extra duty, and
forfeiture of one half of a month's pay
for two months. Incidentally, any re-
duction of grade under an Article 15
stays on your record permanently, and
will pop up for little things like college
interviews, job interviews, etc. The amaz-
ing thing is that he has been issued guilty
of larceny, and sentenced without even
giving him a side of the story to the judge,
who is the Colonel in this case. I mean,
really!

Tell Jerry Leo I dig him,
Love and love I do him,
D.

Don Katman (Columnist):
You schmeat pimps mortise. We read
your column about the hanged man
in the East Village Other 7-12-68 issue.
And we know you exaggerate the black
cockshuckers are the ones who are caus-
ing the trouble throughout the country.
The U.S. made one mistake it crushed
Her Hitler and got communism and
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We will teach him to die. We will teach
him to die.

(Name Withheld)

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"THE GAY CORNER" offers: Hellas, gals, thriving bohemian friendships. 2500 btrngs re: clubs, cabarets, State interests. Box 2-EV, Redhook Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"GLOUR POW-POW" - When swingers meet for adult fun. Sex, babbles, Communism. \$1. Details: 255 Ave. Franklin, Dept. E, Box 54, New York, N.Y. 10038

NUGSCOOPER Meet interesting people who enjoy social nudity. Any age male/female, married/single. \$2.00. Alan Tack Associates, Dept. C-6, P.O. Box 1532 Union, N.J. 07083.

WE WILL MOVE anywhere (from a chair to a whole apt.) any time (24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week) anywhere (so long as it can be driven to) all size trucks available, and free estimates. Also: Long & short term storage also available. Village Trucking and Storage, 801 Green wick St., N.Y.C. 677-6626, 477 1767.

ASTROLOGY your life, your love, your career. Rod Chase WA 89914 \$15.00.

FOR THE ultimate in message Male and female clientele. Call Betty New Line 528742, MU 8 4680 and EL 5-8192, 210 East

53rd St., between 2nd and 3rd Ave. Air conditioned

ANNOUNCEMENTS
NORMAN REICHSSTADT (!) Call Roger at (405) 624-3608 about things.

BORED with routine people? A nudist, sexually free (over) party movement forming. Serious people 18-30. Call Gene, 552-8935, Mon-Fri after 7 p.m.

PATRICIA—PLEASE call your Mom and Dad in Stafford

SLEEKER ST. 154 newly decorated rooms. On duty or Week-ly basis. AT SPECIAL LOW RATES. Village Hotel: UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT, 154 Bleeker St., 212-254-2020.

DOES anyone have the clonazepam commercial? Spad from TV? Please call 769-6591.

BEWARE OF JERSEY CITY FIELDS. THE AREA IS STAKED OUT. GUARANTEED. I. G. OBTUSTED

YOUNG American men with party 4 women Lower East Side flat is searching for a chick who has nowhere to go and would like to live practically free of charge. Food is yours, no rent, responsible for keeping flat clean. Write: Bob AK, c/o EVO, 105 Second Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10005.

PUBLICATIONS
WITH LOVING CARE Adult literature, Gay & Straight, paper books, books, magazines. Christopher Books & Records 179 W. 4th St. N.Y. N.Y. 12-9 - 929-4723.

INTERCOURSE Underground paper published by the Sexual Freedom League mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL Box 14034, San Francisco 94114.

SUBSCRIBE TO JUSTICE WEEK LY's social subscription ONLY containing exciting personalities for those interested subject of sex, TV, and other unusual diversions - Plus new worthy articles on allied subjects. 52 thrilling issues \$5.00 cash or M.O. - Justice, Box 2-EV, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11231. Sample copy \$3.00.

SEVERAL new "NOW" catalog plus fantastic sample globulation 25c. Adams, 320 North West ave., Los Angeles 44, California.

YMCA DIRECTORY New, 32 page directory of NYC's 131 addresses, list No., and rooms available for each Y in U.S. and Canada. Send \$2.00. Alan Tack Associates, P.O. Box 1532 Union, N.J. 07083.

TROJAN for MEN GAY Magazine now available on West Coast; keep up on GAY activities in N.Y. as well as L.A. LIST of BARS, BATHS, BEACHES, CRUISING SPOTS in L.A. Also articles and photos and local L.A. classified ads. 1-yr. sub. \$5.00 - trial \$3.00 incl. 1 FREE CLASSIFIED AD, send check or M.O. to Trojan Publications, 6311 Yucor St., L.A., Calif. 90048. Send 45 word ad—will insert in our next issue if possible.

MALE NUOGS - "UNIQUE" 8 x 11 male nude magazines with the cream of the field, well built college youth with

full frontal views. Special price \$5.00 FREE with order—write nude magazine, "NUOGS", I tried others—AQUARIUS, Box 625, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

UNDERGROUND paper: intercourse published by the Sexual Freedom League, mailed in plain cover, \$1. SFL Box 14034, San Francisco, 94114.

THE BLACK BOOK is the single-only magazine that puts new people into your life. UN-derground publishers advertised at nearby, the Black Book is dignified, legit and deals in service not sensation. Want to see some new faces? Then the Black Book is for you. Send \$1 to Suite 503 E. 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C., New York 10036. Let the Black Book suck it to you!

THIRD PRINCE "The Synthesis and Extraction of Organic Psychoedical." Contains detailed procedure for synthesizing LSD, OMT, Polycystin, Psilocin, Mescaline, Tetrahydrocannabinol, derivatives of cannabis, Psyclo, olivagins, morning glory seeds, and many more. Send \$1.25 to: Karma Graphics Box 2826 Chicago, Illinois 60654

DEALERS INQUIRE
GIRLS, get the "NATIONAL CLIMAX" for any newsworld for the societal ad from to adults. The male sex got you'll be thrilled to see the last

NUOGST BEACHES
FREE beaches where you may drink or not. Your option. Anyone welcome. No strings. For info send \$1 to Craig, P.O. Box 85175, L.A., California, 90072. Yes! East Coast nude beaches too.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUEL includes complete instructions for building strobes, color organs, light machines, tape, send \$2 to Light Works, 459 East 6th St., N.Y. 10039.

"POKE", the magazine for sophisticated swingers. Singles, couples, models, TV, B&B HD 56 pages, only \$2 to adults. 6 or 12 issues. Give me name. REMSON, 116 W 87th St., N.Y. 10024

INCREDIBLE FREE OFFER We start where all other offers end. If you are tired of being disappointed and want the widest, most daring and erotic in books, magazines and films, and much, much more, send for our best catalog which lists thousands of offers from all around the world. (Including free books, etc.) Rush 25¢ for post and info. This offer is valid to make orders over 21. Greenwich Village Press, Dept. EV-123, Box 222, Cooper St. Station, New York, N.Y.

THE BLACK BOOK is the single-only magazine, that gets new people into your life. Unlike other publications advertised nearby, the Black Book is dignified, legit and deals in service not sensation. Want to see some new faces? - Then the Black Book is for you. Send \$1 to Suite 503 E. 160 W. 46th St., N.Y.C. N.Y. 10036. Let the BLACK BOOK suck it to you

EMPLOYMENT
GIRLS wanted. Nude Magazine and photography \$50 to 2 hrs. **LEISURE** "NU" 68 W. 29, 29-6452 Thurs-Sat. 3-9 Also

Studio Models Needed

PHOTOGRAPHER seeks models, experienced and non-experienced, Caucasian, 18-25, etc. for illustrations of dresses, etc. Figure pin-ups for magazines. Call between 4-6 George Stoa, Graphic House, 280 Madison Ave., MU 8-8827.

FEARLE Nude models wanted \$40-\$50 per day. Still and motion picture work in modern studio. No experience necessary. Need many girls-pretty strong 545-8987 or 545-9233 C.V.S. Figure Studios.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS \$25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need my female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. Some earn less than \$50 for a shooting; all day earnings \$75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe, 255-2711.

PEACE AND LOVE Cosmetics wants sales representatives on campus and in underground community. Beginning level. Send resume to: Cosmetics commissions. Peace and Love Cosmetics, Box 45891, Los Angeles, Calif.

MANY young male figure models (age 18-25) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary. \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

NEED MONEY?
Be a sales representative for a socio-political-artistic new poster line. Ideal for individuals and organizations. Write for complete poster plan. **GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT**, Box 427, Wayzata, Minn. 55391.

PRODUCER of sex exploitation pictures needs attractive girls for immediate shooting. Please telephone JU 61287, San Lake Enterprises, 630 North Av. NYC

EXECUTIVE SECTY WANTED! Must have all attributes of a: Command, take-command, Hell-for-Leather personality required to handle top executive in push-and-tug-of-war. Interesting benefits. Call Mr. Leonard (212) 683-6941.

"ADVENTUROUS BEAUTY WANTED FOR ESOTERIC SUPER-STAR ROLE" Lust, glamour, locations - all yours - a lifetime. Open Call - Tuesday, July 20th, 2:30-6 p.m., at Harlem Renaissance Studio, 200 West 46th or 675-9365 news.

GAL Friday wanted. Headstrong young artist needs lovely affectionate girl to work and play part time in his cozy studio. Art experience helpful but not necessary. MU 5-1541.

MODEL WANTED, \$3.00 per hour only—for sketches. Musc. culture build, 9' 10" to 6' 1". Call 688-0370 after 6:00 p.m. weekdays and anytime on week ends.

SKINNY PRETTY? \$1000 in 3 months! **SOUND** MODELS - 20, longhair, must be photogenic, have clear complexion, small junior figure, imagination with clothes, ability to project variety of emotion. Established nudist photographer plans very significant, top-quality photo book devoted entirely to

the girl. Salary will total approximately \$1,000, half to be paid in lump sum upon completion of project. Experience not necessary but mature attitude essential: several poses will be nude but within strict limits of good taste, models will be asked to pose for pornography need not apply. Flexible hours, no conflict with day-time employment. Additional compensation will include all expenses in connection with project, all cosmetics, hair styling at Fifth Avenue salon, all clothes and costume purchased for model upon satisfactory completion of project plus complete model's portfolio of at least twenty 11x14 prints, professional quality, color and black, third, 477 7687, even.

SLIM WOMEN needed to pose for nude photos. Only very thin types need apply \$12 per hour. Age, experience unimportant. Phone 838-4658.

EXCITING theatre group needs costume designer. Must be able to make all types of costumes. Can also double as actor, lighting technician, etc. Please call Ed Wade Cooper Square Arts Theatre, 473-6066.

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographs. No model experience necessary. Minimum \$50-75 per shooting. Some girls use many times. Call Bob Wolfe Studio 255 2711.

FEATURE writers, reporters, photographers, typists and general office help. Call CONFRONTATION. A new national magazine, 735-1840, voluntary only.

INTERCARR couple wanted to pose for pictures in new magazine. Some nudity may be present. Call CONFRONTATION, 735-1840.

ESP-OSK, LTD. wants sales representatives. EVERYWHERE Sell RUGS, PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, SUN RA, etc.

Write Guy 69
ESP-OSK
156 St. Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10010.

3 SUPERGIRLS who can type, sew, dance, and be beautiful with people and **3 TURNED ON GUYS** who can do carpentry and know light and sound systems are needed for a new environmental entertainment complex opening September. Must be interested in involve meet, not a "job". Interviews Sat/Sun and Sunday, 3-8 p.m., 393 West End Ave., Apt. 1-E, 759-1242. Work begins Monday.

SLIM, beautiful female model wanted for trade stories. Bright personality and willing to travel essential. PL 7 4276

"ABORTION TECHNIQUES" CONDOMED OCLAROD CAN TRABAHO GRAPHIC DETAILS OF METHODS AND PROCEDURE USED TO INDUCE ABORTION. LIMITED EDITION, \$2.95. ORDER YOURS TODAY! (MALES ONLY). PHOENIX PRESS, 320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10036

BACHELOR photographer looking for girls to model for his art studies and photographs in exchange for weekend (or longer) on Long Island and plenty of affection. Send photo or phone number to P.O. Box 55, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

MALE bondage model seeks bondage model/dance assignments from female males, couples, for personal/private discrimination and money, no restriction to pose, position, costume or employment, state pay model, all equipped contact JOE, c/o JamesDonahue, 4547 N. 15th St. Phila., Pa. 19140

ADVERTISING Art Field—Young attractive lady with four years of diversified art experience (highly trained) would like to obtain an immediate permanent position doing pastels and mechanical layouts (photography, fashion illustrations) I also am seeking freelance work—I desire a very good salary and I am also interested in meeting successful young men in the art field who are helpful, generous, etc., for business and social affairs, any nationality welcome, not prejudiced. Please send special delivery letter for immediate reply. Send resume—phone number, job description, etc. Write Alan—P.O. Box 17, Aram Studio Art, Rockaway, New York, 11692.

YOUNG GIRLS wanted to take care of studio—Jeep place clean, answer phones—Models and dancers also needed—Call Mr. Hardy, 245-9386 or 245-5843.

FIGURE MODEL: Ballet/Modern Dancing experience required. Phone 10 a.m.-6 p.m., 352-9665.

MODEL-GIRL Friday night, must have late model car. Salary open, 228-5189

C.B.S. MALE MODELS for "Journal for Quantity and Quality, Availability and Versatility. PLUS DISCRETION: What more can we say? Being is better. A Gay Time in San Francisco City (415) 863-3331. Noon 11 p.m. weekdays, 2-5 p.m. Friday and Saturday

PERSONAL
VERY GOOD looking man, 23, blonde, blue-eyed, excels in on-line (previous girls never complained) seeks girls to be seen in my Gent. Sex (U.S. area) apt. Married women OK. Call XVD-XHVV

TALL GUY, while good looking with handsome past. Interested in sex relations with married or single females 18-40. Satisfaction and discretion assured. WA 90919.

MAN wants female for unscripted sex. A bit discreet and can handle difficult situations. Free use of my pad. Write Bob, P.O. Box 213, Bklyn, N.Y. 11217.

MALE, 40, largely endowed, can travel 2 days per month or bring interested parties here. Interested in learning French culture. Interested in all kinds of fucking (212) 494-7174, at 66

PHD, late thirties, writer, masculine woman traveler, writing books on voyeurism seeks aesthetically unimpaired couples who do not wish that their artistry or finesse escape unnoticed and unshared. Write: A. Lep. Box 390, Long Beach, L.I., N.Y.

PROFESSOR, 37, married well built, yet kind and sensitive. I cannot conceive myself propositioning in coarse language, in print yet I, too, am burning with consummate passions. Am

here by sending SOS to young intelligent, passionate females to write—and we shall take it up from there. All hank letters answered. Write: O. Stone, Box 398, Long Beach, N.Y.

CHEST MODEL wanted with nicely shaped 34 B breasts, call 675-1407 after 12.

MALE, late forties, needs place, occasional massage and chest. M. Fox Box 126, 1651 Second Ave., N.Y. 10025

GUY wanted—beams, early twenties—age twenty (longer) in countryside rabbit near water, city. Sincere companion. Full description of self. Box 3, Avon, Conn. 06001.

IF YOU are one of the 12 girls selected you will start an absolutely free European tour January 10th. Yes, we need 12 girls (ages 16-40) to pose nude for Italian book on breast development. Then travel for publicity. We need girls with very small, small, medium, large, very large breasts. All races. Italian screen test possible for those interested. Send photo for immediate interview. Business Service Press, Box 1659, New York, N.Y. 10017.

WEALTHY and generous 35-year-old male will pay \$25 for unusual and stimulating lunch time dates. My bed or yours. What can you suggest to what my appetite. Get or dress only. Photo and phone No. A must in very first letter. Write to Mr. Whitehead, Box 1659, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

YOUNG lady, 20 yrs. seeks friendship with middle-aged women or couples who enjoy the unusual. This is a sincere ad. Please no underlines—Name and phone or mass Radio City, Box 327, N.Y.

MATURE man (35) says that falling in love is wonderful and life burns are sexy. All boys and girls. P.O. Box 260, Canal St. Station, N.Y. 13, N.Y.

ATTRACTIVE, well-built, vigorous, 40-year-old divorced writer, formerly lonely, seeks female roommate for serious relationship, possibly marriage. Great midtown terrace apartment, weekend parties, Europe in October. All expenses paid. 877-0534.

EASY GOING, youngish, 39 yrs. old, well built bachelor and advanced student of French culture seeks a clean girl 23-40, with lean to average build. I enjoy a week long living holiday with him touring Eastern states during mid-August. Write to: Frank, Box 327, Soundview Station, Bronx, N.Y. 10472

COOL IT! Weekend in country free room, board, transportation 2 ways exchange 10 hrs. modeling for artist female 18-27. P.O. Box 86, Golden's Bridge, N.Y.

COME HOME . . . When a trumpet blows the Moom . . . With the tynary of a garden's boon . . . Come home When mercy conquers the sky. Lark's Abyss and silence begets a wingless bliss. Dr. phus Jr., YU 2-4471.

HANDSOME bachelor (forties) wishes to meet an honest to God, twenty five - thirty five. Over 130 lbs. (White only). Have beautiful pad with all goodies. Am an expert cuisinier, must appreciate sex. Discretion

fulfillment assured, no homo or phosia, please. Please call after midnight (212) 799-6039. Brly

COUPLES and single girls interested in free sex contact 652-4976 between 12 noon and 10 p.m. No single man.

MALE GRAD, student desires female companion for drive to Calif. in mid-August. Call Ron, weekdays: (914) 478-3131 ext. 2060.

BACHELOR, Univ. of Md., uneducated, well, mature white, honest, trim, good-looking, seeks slender, attractive, single girl in O.C. area (or N.Y.) for inexpensive, non-involvement. No tags. Call 301-927-3706 or write P.O. Box 372, College Park, Md. 20740.

MATURE WOMAN over 30—nerves need therapy? Hand some discreet man living French language, will show you relaxation through ecstasy. No obligation. No guys. Call Guy, 12-2 p.m. 675-7725.

YOUNG MARRIED couple (mid-twenties) seeks the company of a young lady (18-25) for an enjoyable new experience. Discretion assured. 336-4087.

MALE share his West 80's apartment with male. Perfect domestic M type who likes to "run" apartment, but does not involve no SM arrangements. \$25.00. TR 7-7196.

GIRLS! Unimpaired handsome Bachelor, 23, looking for beautiful, intelligent, young, chick to share swinging holiday and fun in Florida. Don't miss! Write and send picture to Doug, Rte. 5, Box 172, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.

ATTRACTIVE, divorced guy, seeks very attractive, shapely girl, approx. 23-35, for dating purposes. Call 899-4228 after noons.

BOY with long hair who doesn't turn onto guys wants to meet SAME. Give phone number, age, photo appreciated. Box 2918, G.P.O., N.Y.C. N.Y. 10001.

SLAVERY grows into a voiceless mist . . . When fidelity opens a vertical fall . . . And vision (curious into gratitude) When impact dazzles selfless . . . YU 2-4471, Orpheus Jr.

BOY with long hair who doesn't turn on to girls wants to meet same. Give phone number, age, photo appreciated. Box 2918, G.P.O., N.Y.C. N.Y. 10001

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it. You won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. Steven Ancher, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbia Ave., N.Y.C.

TALL, handsome young male artist (32, 6'3", 185 lbs.) needs lovely young nympho type girl friend for lunches and daytime sex. Meet! Inexpensive! Call 685-1541, days

NOCTURNAL NEGRESS, 20, seeks NON-SEXUAL but meaningful relationship with sensitive beautiful individual(s). Send recent photo or accurate description and phone P.D. BOX 270 NEW YORK CITY 10024.

STERILE Male, 40 White, Good Looking. Have apartment, car. Very discreet. Seeking passion ate uninhibited girl for mutual, intimate enjoyment. Will answer all. Phone appreciated S. H. M. P.D. BOX 132, G.P.O. Bronx, N.Y.

INTERESTING, well-traveled, 39 yrs. old man seeks curious male friend 18 to 22, race no bar. Details to J. Randle Green. New York 20001. Photo and all details appreciated. I promise a fascinating or boring time. No other person. Please—no SM.

YOUNG MARRIED couple (mid-twenties), seeks the company of a broad minded young lady (18-25) for a new and satisfying experience. Discretion assured. 336-4087.

SINGLE COUPLE—Looking for horny girl to use in her activities. (30) Gab invited. Phone, telephone. Write G.P.O. Box 1272, New York, N.Y., 10001.

ATTRACTIVE Male journalist and movie addict, 31, almost boyish looking. Welcomes lunch, dinner or cinema date with slender, pretty girl over 25. 989-3270. No tags.

GAL FREE PAD
Young, unquarre white male. Seeks swinging chick, soul or white to share nice pad. No strings. Everything free. Call late evenings, after 10, 246-1029.

YOUNG, handsome male, 23, wants relationship with lady in return for assistance in career. (201) 563-2336.

UNUSUAL GUY—Attractive and well hung—desires girl for sex and discipline. Call Bob 874-4398.

MASOULINE man desires bisexual very masculine man share his apartment. Must be tall and very rugged type. Interested wrestling, boxing—write 628-5555.

ONLY a grownup, intelligent woman, 26-36, will be happy sharing conversation, beaches, baroque music, superb Sunday breakfasts and McCarthy campaigning with me . . . tall, bright, sensible, publicist, 40, Guy, 989-6024 (when I'm out electronic recorder takes my message)

BACHELOR, 28, tall, dark, handsome, Caucasian student of the performing arts seeks shapely, attractive females—AC/DC preferred 21-35 To accompany him on averaging weekend parties, also an all expense paid vacation July 19 July 26. Discretion expected and received. Let's meet for 100K/100K. Couples who: Call (212) 651-8665, weekdays and weekends. No males.

SHERILL please, call home collect to let us know that you are all right. How you deny and wish to speak to you. Don't have to worry about any embarrassment. We understand and love you—MOM, GAD

MALE, 27, gay, college grad, seeks same who has apt. to share starting Sept. 1, in E. Haven, Conn. (Phd. individual(s)). Separate bedrooms required. Write G.P.O. Box 2126, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

CHRISTOPHER LA CROIX
[SMILE]



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Mar 10 1968